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Plowing

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Abstract

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Plowing

by Kevin Oakes

As a kid growing up on a farm
You are expected to learn how to plow
Back then there were no cabs on the tractors
Just a shade and the sweat on your brow

You learned the true meaning of endurance
You were let out at the field at eight
Picked up round noon for lunchtime
Were done when Dad pulled through the gate

Those days you learned about working
About fixing things as they broke
Most farmers' equipment was older
Than today's farm and ranch folks

You learned about getting things done
As you moved from field to field
Your reward wouldn't come 'til next summer
As a good crop your farm ground would yield

That is if the elements would let you
Like the rain the bugs or the drought
Regardless one thing was for certain
The plowing would continue no doubt

But how bout that dirt that was fogging
Into your eyes your clothes and your lungs
Tween the swatting of flies and mosquitos
Still some folks are calling this fun



Now one time as we were a plowing
This fellow I think Keith was his name
Gave me some Red Fox tobacco
I puked 'til I was almost ashamed

But most days round three in the evening
Pa would bring us a nice tall cold drink
Pepsi was his choice for those chosen
He would hand us and give us a wink

Now I'm not saying we were mistreated
For being out in the hot burning sun
For character was what we were building
Others reasons I am sure there are some

But I wouldn't trade one of those minutes
On a tractor alone in the dust
For out of the dust came understanding
Of hard work responsibility and trust